Who Is Inside The Flying Saucers?

By Gerald Heard

THE SAUCERS are soaring again. Not that these unidentified aerial objects had ceased to scour the sky, but our attention wanes. We get tired of any mystery, even the most thrilling, if it will not give itself away. And till now the saucers have been silent. Even as they swoop across the heavens, very seldom does the faintest sound come down to us. On the few occasions that it does it is no more than the high piercing note we might expect our atmosphere would admit when slit by a flying blade.

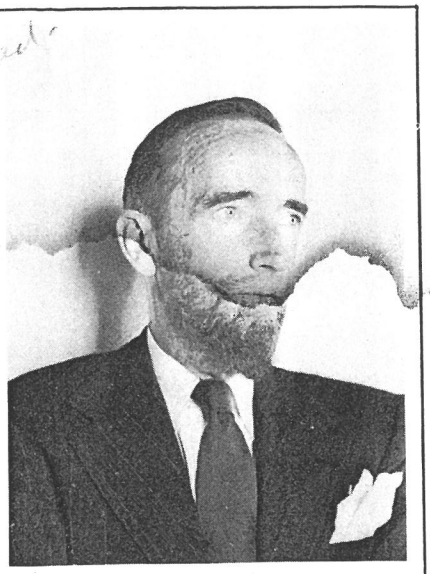
But now we are again sitting up and taking notice of saucer reports. Why? Because many people, who have for six queer years (since in the summer of '47 saucers first made front page news) been critical collectors of this baffling data, have in the last few months begun to face a new question. Are the saucers so dumb as they seemed? Till now opinion among collectors was divided, precisely as it is divided in that other thorny subject, psychical research. On the one hand were lined up the stern but open-minded critics who said "Unidentified aerial objects exist. They are mainly disk shaped. They dodge like snipe (or humming birds). They speed like meteors: some have been timed at 18,000 m.p.h. There is also some undeniable evidence that they are radioactive or surrounded by a radioactive field. For Geiger counters double their discharge, tick twice as fast, when a disk is overhead. Beyond this we know nothing. All else is empty speculation shot through by the impudent fireworks of fraud."

On the other hand there were the impetuous will-to-believers. They passed 'round stories which provided spiced food for the hungry minds longing for thrilling incident. The trouble about these narratives is that when anyone wanted to digest them, nothing stood up to the gastric acids of necessary criticism. The stories would not endure investigation. Plenty of saucers, yes (and tubes and strange giant cones), had been seen in the sky, but had anyone ever seen one on the ground? Had one report of a landing endured careful scrutiny?

And yet if these craft were earth-made they must in the end return to earth and if they are not from this earth why in heaven's name should they come to earth or just off it and never land? If Christopher Columbus had coasted along the shores of the Americas and returned home with a story of a new continent but not a scrap of actual evidence his reception on his return would have been cold enough to have immobilized him for good. If, then, unidentified aerial objects exist they must time and again in the last few years have come down to earth.

Where, When, How? So those who accept that such objects exist (and no one who has investigated the official evidence can doubt it) are bound also to sift as critically and as patiently any evidence for landings. Such a thing could have taken place. Then where and when and how many people saw it? Here are reports which come in sequence, that is to say the first is from the early days of the saucer saga and they also would indicate that as time has gone on the investigation has become more intimate, closer-up. And when we think it over that surely is what we should expect. If the disks are from out of this world they would be bigger fools than their design-power indicates, if they thrust their attentions on us before being as sure of our intentions as long distance investigation could make them. They should assume that our powers are explosive, our conventions inexplicable, our reactions unforeseeable and violent. Anyone a thousand miles up above Hiroshima would have learned that. They may also assume with high probability that our viruses are deadly—a single sneeze from us might mean a Black Death pandemic for them — everyone of their crews wiped out by our breath of death more effectively than by the most prodigious sky-defense barrage. No further proof is required to account for their preliminary caution. There can be little doubt that the hollow rings that descend, scan the earth and then rise again vanishing in the sky are sounding instruments. These hollow rings are clearly managed but not manned—they are remote controlled fact finders. One of the best observations of these was made by a large number of people when such rings came down over the bridge over the Forth Estuary near Edinburg, Scotland on September 25, 1950. A month later three good witnesses who were seated on a hill above the other great Scotch estuary (the Solway Firth that cuts into Scotland from the Atlantic side), saw a disk come racing in from sea and twice dip to sea surface, making the water rise in a violent wave: after which the disk made off. This was the first occasion when a disk was seen to come so close to earth. We may assume that this marked an advance in their investigations. Water, so common to us, may be a fascinating, powerful and anomalous liquid to any creatures from a waterless world. And a world from which could come creatures so ahead of us as the disk drivers certainly are, would surely be a world so ahead of ours as to be as dry as we are wet.

Stepping Out. The next step for the wary watchers would be to set foot outside their disks. The tank crew sooner or later must come into the open. And



Gerald Heard, a Cambridge man, born in 1889 in London, spent his youth in the agricultural cooperative movement in Ireland and England and was a BBC commentator on science in the early days of radio. His mind having turned more and more toward ethical and metaphysical inquiry, he lectured on these subjects at Oxford University and became a member of the council of the Psychological Research Society.

At the age of 48, Mr. Heard came to this country and is now a resident of LA. His Sunday morning lectures at Hollywood's Vedanta Temple (see FORTNIGHT, May 11, 1953) have aroused increasing interest even among the sceptical and sophisticated. He is the author of numerous books on metaphysics, religion and science fiction. His latest, "Is Another World Watching?", is a summary and highly speculative interpretation of published reports about the "flying saucers."

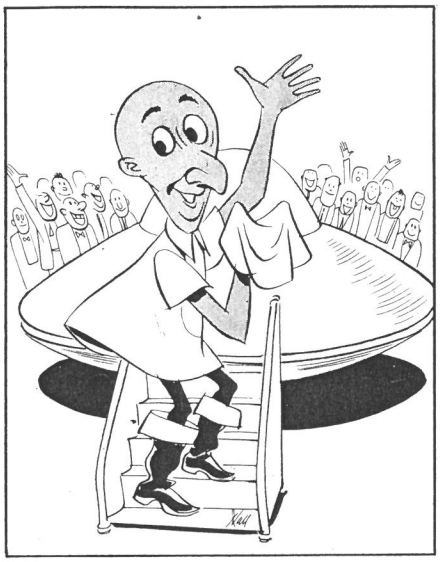
there the fog of fraud comes down over our reports like an impenetrable miasma. Are there any cases which will stand investigation?

The first good case undoubtedly comes from Germany. Oskar Linke (48 years of age) was mayor of Gleimershausen near Meiningen in the German Eastern district (under Russian occupation). He and his wife and six children escaped into the Western Zone in the first week of July 1952. That week Herr Linke, accompanied by West German officials, went before a judge and swore the following affidavit: "I was riding home in the evening by motorcyce with my eleven-year-old daughter. A tire burst near the village of Hasselbach. As we pushed the cycle towards the village my daughter pointed to something 150 yards away. I approached to within some 60 yards, then realized the something was really two apparently human figures." They were dressed in faintly glowing metallic overalls. For a moment we mistook them for some sort of animal because they were bent down looking at the ground."

Linke, now crawling, made his way to within 30 feet of them. On reaching the top of a small rise in the ground he saw in the dip below him a disk some 35 feet in width. Round the disk's rim were two rows of holes, each a foot in diameter and each a foot and a half apart. At a cry from his daughter who was following behind, the figures swarmed into the disk. The rim of the disk then glowed green, next red. A humming sound became a whistle. The craft went straight up into the air. A belt of light was now round it. Suddenly it swerved and disappeared over the hills.

Why? Why should this man choose to swear to this statement if it is a fabrication? He was a responsible person, having been senior official of the East German Farmers' Association. Would such a story improve his reception as a refugee? Would it not rather raise the question "If this man is sane then may he have been sent to plant such a tale so as to increase the fear of Russian might?" The feature in the story that is remarkable is the mistake the mayor made when he first saw the pair of creatures. It is clear that they were small. "Little men" stories have today a very suspicious smell. Too many fraudulent accounts have come to hand. Besides, some biologists say that the human form is the result of so many rare flukes, strange sports and odd accidents that to expect it to have emerged else but on *terra firma* would be nonsense. On the other hand a very eminent biologist, Professor Darlington F.R.S., has pointed out that, in spite of all its rather slap-dash construction weaknesses—abdominal wall, etc.—the human body is the best of fact-finding structures and not a few anthropologists believe that several different species and perhaps genera may have converged to have produced modern man.

West Virginia Incident. The other story which has stood up well to very considerable investigation is at the other extreme of size. For in the case from Flatwoods, West Virginia, we have to deal with a figure that appeared to be eight or nine feet tall! On September 11, 1952, at 7 p.m. a disk ("it looked like a silver dollar riding through the sky") had been sighted over this small township and was thought to have alighted a little distance off behind a hill. Gene Lemon, aged seventeen, with his friend Neil Nunley led two other boy friends named May up the hill where a pulsing reddish glow could be seen at the spot where the disk had



"Little men" stories have today a very suspicious smell. Too many fraudulent accounts have come to hand.

gone over. As they came near the hilltop they entered a mist which smelt like a pungent gas. When they reached the crest they saw only some fifty feet away down to their right a big pulsing and glowing mass. Then to their left, not fifteen feet distant, they saw an object some eight or nine feet tall, standing near a tree, with two green spots at the top. Lemon turned his flashlight on it. The object was like a muffled statue, the "head" round and deep red edged with some dark material, had two greenish "eyelets." The rest of the muffling was dark. The pungent smell was now very strong. There was some noise—first a hissing and then a pulsing throb. This upright object was moving toward them but even when Lemon dropped his flashlight the object could be seen by the light given off by the pulsing glowing mass they had first seen. Not unnaturally the whole body of investigators fled. On getting home they found that the whole thing could not have been illusion. The skin of several of them carried a rash. Investigation of the spot made the day after brought evidence that some irritant oil was still clinging to the grass.

Investigative Approval. These two cases—one from East Germany and the other from West Virginia—have stood up under careful investigation. It is therefore inaccurate to say that there is no evidence that any kind of "creature" has ever been seen outside a disk. We cannot then dismiss offhand such reports as the Brush Creek winers' story from Northern California which made the news columns on June 25 of this year. John Black and John Van Allen, two miners, told the sheriff's captain Fred Preston that not only had a disk alit on a sandbar at the junction of Jordan and Marble Creeks near which they work but that a dwarf had got out and collected some water. This happened first on May 20 and next on June 20. As they hoped the visitor would return on July 20 (there is no news to date) they asked permission to shoot next time. They were told they must not shoot but should try to make a live capture. They said they found the marks of the object's three-legged landing gear on the sand which was retracted when the disk (only seven feet across and four thick) took off. Mayor Linke also saw a landing base retracted when the disk he viewed made off.

What are we then to say about our present state of information in answer to the question "What if anything is inside a saucer?" We have to follow the most difficult of mental disciplines, we have to keep an open mind. We have to take all the evidence and test its probability. In this particular question it certainly is not yet strong enough for anyone to make up his mind. Disks do exist. There the probability is high enough. The weight of evidence is heavy enough to tip the scales in favor of that conviction. But as to who or what guides and maybe cruises in them all we can say is it is not true to say there is no evidence that no one is inside and no one has ever been seen outside. Then such scraps of evidence may be added to until there is enough to make the next step in disk detection fairly certain. Meanwhile we must continue to collect and sift every case we can. Now that we know that bees talk, and so do ants and termites, now that we know space travel is a possibility, the possibility of coming in touch with another form of life that is intelligent, and, we may hope, also already ahead of us in its knowledge and behavior, is far too promising a proposition for us to lose any chance of gaining more insight into so fascinating a mystery.

MALE

HOW WE CLEANED UP PEORIA'S VICE

By FORMER MAYOR CARL TRIEBEL

25 RUGGED FEATURES

MARCH

25c

ATLAS

Mar 1953

P 11

FIRST POSITIVE PHOTOGRAPHIC EVIDENCE OF

FLYING SAUCERS!

Jack Dempsey Says:

No Experience Is Needed To Train For Jobs In TV

Young Men With Ordinary Education May Prepare Now For TV Careers

CHICAGO—(SPECIAL) "If you were to tell most men seeking better jobs or a business of their own that they need only an ordinary education and no previous experience whatever to prepare for a thrilling, profitable future in Television, they would think you were handing them a line. Amazing as they may sound, these are the facts," declared Jack Dempsey, former heavyweight boxing champion, now associated with one of America's foremost television training centers.

Jack Dempsey

Seeks Men—17 to 45

"There are thousands of men," said Dempsey, "between the ages of 17 and 45 who are looking for such an opportunity, who could be trained at home in their spare time, but who are not aware of these facts. These are the men I am appealing to—these are the fellows I would like to hear from.

Big Opportunity Field

"I would like to tell them," Dempsey further stated, "of the big chance that awaits them in the field of Television, especially since the F.C.C. has ended its 4-year freeze — permitting the increase in the number of TV stations from 108 to 2,053.

Aid In Armed Forces

"This training," Dempsey also pointed out, "will be of great value to those men who face service in the armed forces. It may help them win promotions and receive other special considerations."

"Take my word for it," Dempsey concluded, "you can get all the facts, without obligation, about how you may get the break you have been waiting for—your chance to be somebody and get somewhere — plus two information-packed folders, by filling in the coupon below."...

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I would like valuable, information-packed folders showing how I may get started toward a good job or my own business in Television-Radio-Electronics.

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MALE

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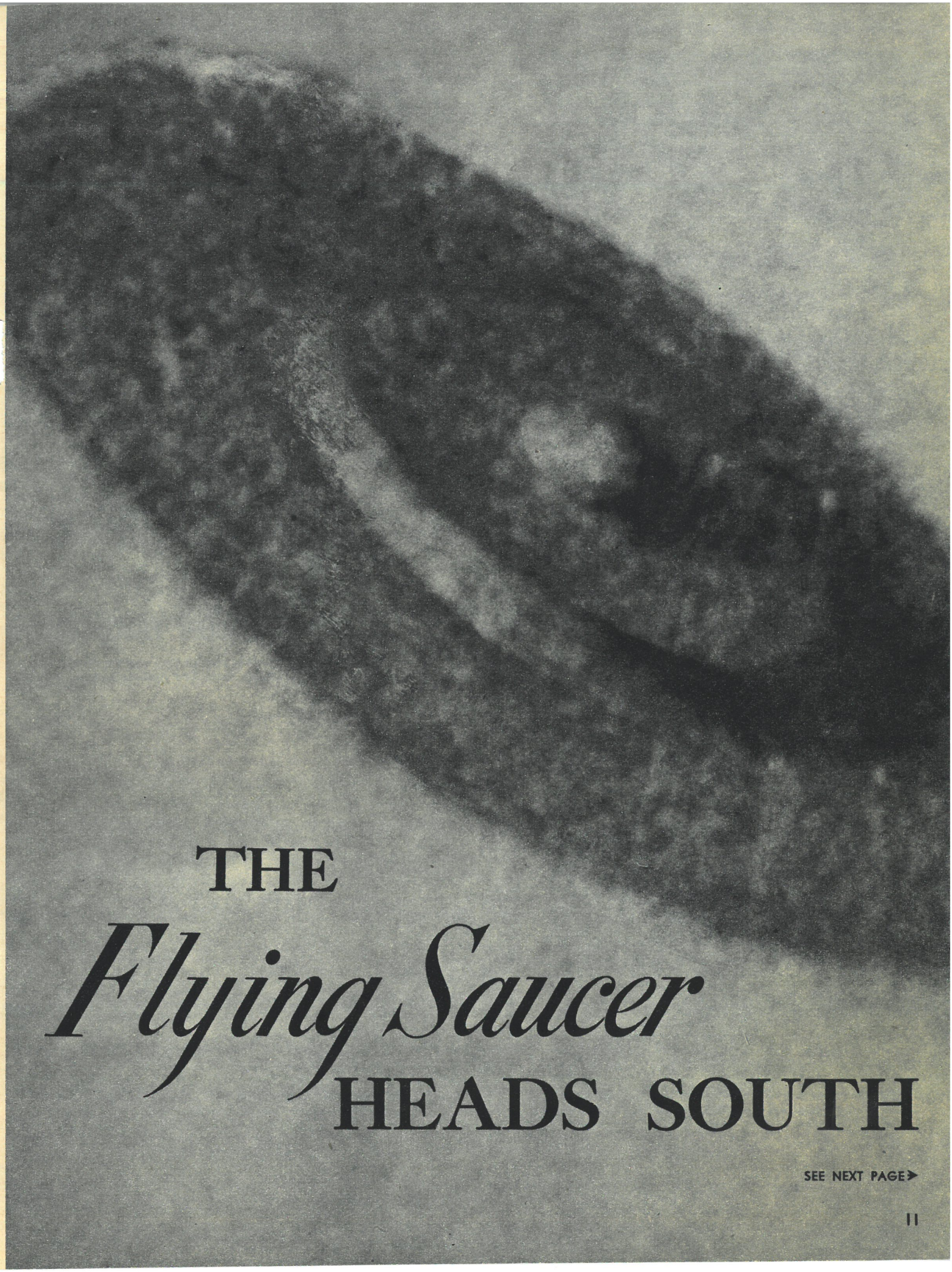

THE *Flying Saucer* HEADS SOUTH

SEE NEXT PAGE➤

Flying Saucer

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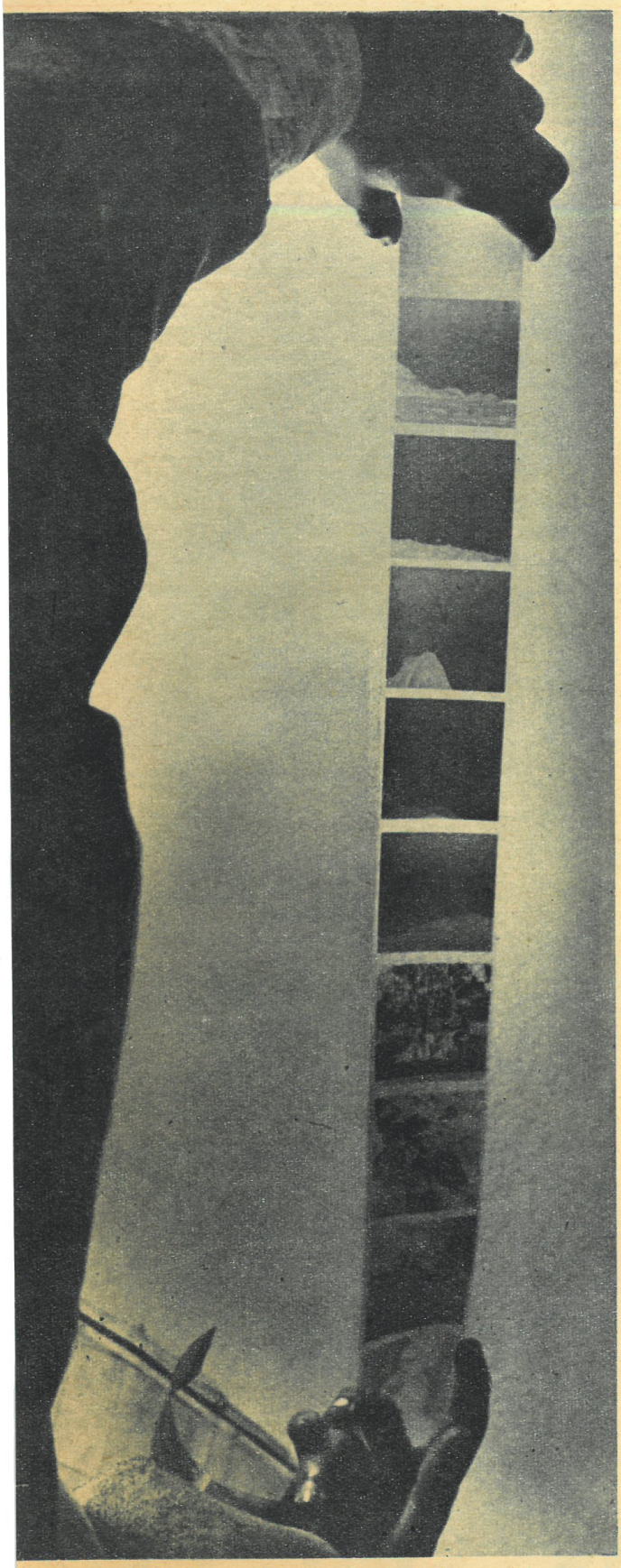
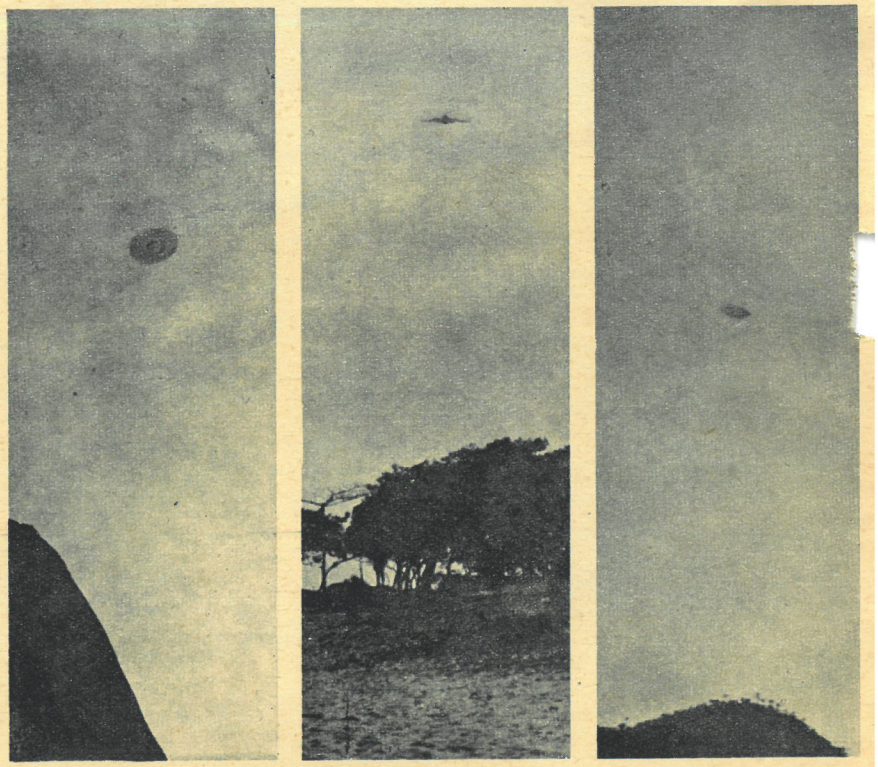
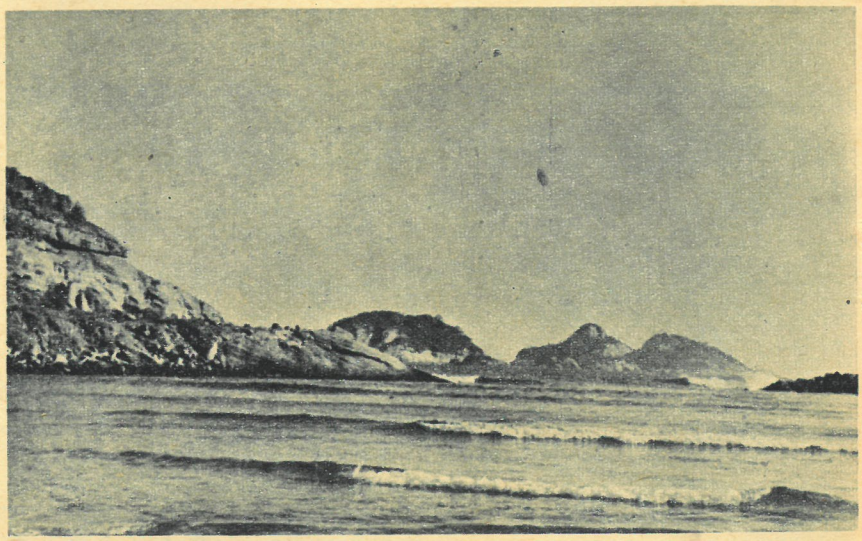


Roll of negatives containing the five frames of Brazilian saucer now reside in *O Cruzeiro's* safe.



Ed Keffel and Joao Martins spotted saucer at Ilha dos Amores, Barra da Tijuca. Keffel shot photos as it flew over mountain.



Saucer made half-circle over coast, then headed towards ocean at great speed. It was estimated as twice the size of a DC-3.

What it is, where it comes from, how it flies no one knows. The only thing that is known is that it exists; and the only thing that everyone seems to agree on is that it looks somewhat like a plate. Beyond this, speculation runs the gamut of foreign weapons, ships from another planet, weather disturbances, remote-controlled missiles and odd saucers looking for cups. The disc-shaped objects are claimed to have been seen by persons in all parts of the United States, by flyers in Japan, citizens in Germany, Labrador, and most recently in Brazil.

It was at 4:30 P.M. on the seventh of May, 1952, that *O Cruziero's* Joao Martins and Ed Keffel, on assignment some 18 kilometers west of Sugar Loaf, saw "an object moving in the air, on the side of the sun . . . at a distance it looked like an airplane, but it moved to one side at tremendous speed." According to the photographers, "The circular, bluish-grey object decreased its speed, lost altitude like a falling leaf and, like an arrow, took off again towards high seas."

On these pages are Keffel's pictures—proof that the men were not suffering from hallucinations. ***

Clear picture shows raised section and small dome in center of whirling disc.

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Little Men and Flying Saucers

Loren C. Eiseley

TODAY as never before, the sky is menacing. Things seen indifferently last century by the wandering lamplighter now trouble a generation that has grown up to the wail of air-raid sirens and the ominous expectation that the roof may fall at any moment. Even in daytime, reflected light on a floating dandelion seed, or a spider riding a wisp of gossamer in the sun's eye can bring excited questions from the novice unused to estimating the distance or nature of aerial objects.

Since we now talk, write, and dream endlessly of space rockets, it is no surprise that this thinking yields the obverse of the coin: that the rocket or its equivalent may have come first to us from somewhere "outside." As a youth, I may as well confess, I waited expectantly for it to happen. So deep is the conviction that there must be life out there beyond the dark, one thinks that if they are more advanced than ourselves they may come across space at any moment, perhaps in our generation. Later, contemplating the infinity of time, one wonders if perchance their messages came long ago, hurtling into the swamp muck of the steaming coal forests, the bright projectile clambered over by hissing reptiles, and the delicate instruments running mindlessly down with no report.

Sometimes when young, and fossil hunting in the western badlands, I had thought it might yet be found, corroding and long dead, in the Tertiary sod that was once green under the rumbling feet of titanotheres. Surely, in the infinite wastes of time, in the lapse of suns and wane of systems, the passage, if it were possible, would have been achieved. But the bright projectile has not been found and now, in sobering middle age, I have long since ceased to look. Moreover, the present theory of the expanding universe has made time, as we know it, no longer infinite. If the entire universe was created in a single explosive instant a few billion years ago, there has not been a sufficient period for all things to occur even behind the star shoals of the outer galaxies. In the light of this fact it is now just conceivable that there may be nowhere in space a mind superior to our own.

If such a mind could exist, there are many reasons why it could not reside in the person of a little man. There is, however, a terrible human fascination about the miniature, and one little man in the hands of the spinner of folk tales can multiply with incredible rapidity. Our unexplainable passion for the small is not quenched at the borders of space, nor, as we shall see, in the spinning rings of the atom. The flying saucer and the much publicized little men from space equate neatly with our own projected dreams.

II

WHEN I first heard of the little man there was no talk of flying saucers, nor did his owner ascribe to him anything more than an earthly origin. It has been almost a quarter of a century since I encountered him in a bone hunter's camp in the West. A rancher had brought him to us in a box. "I figured you'd maybe know about him," he said. "He'll cost you money, though. There's money in that little man."

"Man?" we said.

"Man," he countered. "What you'd call a pygmy or a dwarf, but smaller than any show dwarf I ever did see. A mummy, too, a little dead mummy. I figure it was some kind of bein' like us, but little. They put him in the place I found him. Maybe it was a thousand years ago. You'll likely know."

Our heads met over the box. The last

paper was withdrawn. The creature emerged on the man's palm. I've seen a lot of odd things in the years since, and fakes by the score, but that little fellow gave me the creeps. He might have been two feet high in a standing posture—not more. He was mummified in a crouching position, arms folded. The face with closed eyes seemed vaguely evil. I could have sworn I was dreaming.

I touched it. There was a peculiar, fleshy consistency about it, still. It was not a dry mummy. It was more like what you would expect a natural cave mummy to be like. It had no tail. I know because I looked. And to this day the little man sits on there, in my brain, and as plain as yesterday I can see the faint, half-smirk of his mouth and the tiny black hands at his sides.

"You can have it for two hundred bucks," said the man. We glanced at each other, sighed, and shook our heads. "We aren't in the market," we said. "We're collecting, not buying, and we're staying with our bones."

"Okay," said the man, and gave us a straight look, closing his box. "I'm going to the carnival down below tonight. There's money in him. There's money in that little man."

I think it may have been just as well for us that we made no purchase. I have never liked the little man, nor the description of the carnival to which he and his owner were going. It may be, I used to think, that I will yet encounter him before I die, in some little colored tent on a country midway. Once, in the years since, I have heard a description that sounded like him in another guise. It involved a fantastic tale of some Paleozoic beings who hunted among the tree ferns when the world was ruled by croaking amphibians. The story did not impress me; I knew him by then for what he was: an anomalous mummified still-birth with an undeveloped brain.

I never expected to see him emerge again in books upon flying saucers, or to see the "little men" multiply and become so common that columnists would take note of them. Nor, though I should have known better, did I expect to live to hear my little man ascribed an extra-planetary origin. There is a story back of him, it is true, but it is a history of this earth, and of all unlikely things it involves that great man of science, Charles Darwin, though by a curious, lengthy, and involved route.

III

Men have been men for so long that they tend to take the fact for granted. All their experience tells them that their children will precisely resemble themselves; that kittens will become cats and cats will have kittens, and that even caterpillars, though the pattern seems a little odd, will become butterflies, and butterflies will produce caterpillars. It is so habitual an event that we do not stop to ask why this happens, nor to consider that this amazing precision in results implies a strange ordering of life in a world we often think is chanceful and meaningless.

A few wise men since the time of the Greeks have found it a source of wonder, but they have been a minority. Most people have shrugged and spoken indifferently of the gods, or contented themselves, as the Christian world for so long did, with the idea of special creation of each species. Nevertheless the wise ones kept on wondering.

They found, as they began their first groping attempts to classify and arrange the living world, that in spite of the assumed individual creation of every living species by the supernatural intervention of divine power, a basic similarity of structure existed among many forms of life. This was a remarkable thing to find among supposedly individual creations. Offhand one would say that a much greater degree of spontaneous novelty would have been possible. In fact, man once innocently believed himself part of such a creation. The fabulous animals of the ancient bestiaries, the mermaids, griffins, and centaurs, not to mention the men whose ears were so large that their owners slept in them, would have been the natural, spontaneous products of such uncontrolled, creative whimsy.

But there was the pattern: the ape and the man with their bone-by-bone correspondence. The very fact that one can add a plural to the word *reptile* and so suggest anything from a Brontosaurus to a garter snake shows that a pattern exists. Birds all have feathers, wings, and claws; they are a common class in spite of their diversities. They have been pulled into many shapes, but there is still an eternal "birdliness" about them. They are built on a common plan just as I share mammalian characters with a small mouse who inhabits

my desk drawer. This is hard to account for in a disordered world, so that recently, when I came upon this mouse, trapped and terrified in the wastebasket, his similarity to myself rendered me helpless, and out of sheer embarrassment I connived in his escape.

Now so long as these remarkable patterns could be observed only in the living world around us they occasioned no great alarm. Even after Cuvier, in 1812, made a magnificent attempt to reduce the forms of animal life to four basic blueprints or "archetypes" of divergent character, no one was particularly disturbed—least of all from the religious point of view. In the words of one great naturalist, Louis Agassiz, "This plan of creation . . . has not grown out of the necessary action of physical laws, but was the free conception of the Almighty Intellect, matured in his thought before it was manifested in tangible external forms."

It was not long, however, before *pattern,* the divine blueprint, first recognized in the existing world, was extended by the geologist across the deeps of time. The animal world of the past was in the process of discovery. It proved to be a world of strange and unknown beasts, and it was a world without man. Curiously enough, it was soon learned that extinct animals could be fitted into the broad classifications of the existing world. They were mammals or amphibia or reptiles, as the case might be. Though no living eye had beheld them, they seemed to mark the continuation of the divine abstraction, the eternal patterns, across the enormous time gulfs of the past.

The second fact, that man had not been discovered, was a cause for dismay. In the man-centered universe of the time, one can appreciate the anguish of the Reverend Mr. Kirby discovering the Age of Reptiles: "Who can think that a being of unbounded power, wisdom, and goodness, should create a world merely for the habitation of a race of monsters, without a single, rational being in it to serve and glorify him?" This is the wounded outcry of the human ego as it fails to discover its dominance among the beasts of the past. Even more tragically, it learns that the world supposedly made for its enjoyment has existed for untold eons entirely indifferent to its coming. The chill vapors of time and space are beginning to filter under the closed door of the human intellect.

It was in these difficult straits, in the black night of his direst foreboding, that the doctrine of geologic prophecy was evolved by man. For fifty years it would hold time at bay and in one last great effort, its proponents, by clever analogies, would attempt to extend the human drama across the infinite worlds of space; it echoes among us still in the shape of the little men of the flying saucers. No braver mythos was ever devised under the cold eye of science.

In an old book from my shelves, Hugh Miller's *The Testimony of the Rocks,* I find this passage: *"Higher still in one of the deposits of the Trias we are startled by what seems to be the impression of a human hand of an uncouth massive shape, but with the thumb apparently set in opposition, as in man, to the other fingers."*

There is only one way to understand this literature. The biologists of the first half of the nineteenth century had recognized that the unity of animal organization descends into past ages and is observable in forms no living eye has beheld. It was, they believed, an immaterial, a supernatural line of connection. They refused to see in this unity of plan an actual physical relationship. Instead they read the past as a successive series of creations and extinctions upon a divinely modifiable but consistent plan. "Geology," said one writer, "unrolls a prophetic scroll, in which the earlier animated creation points on to the later."

It is in the light of this philosophy that the hand, "massive" and of "uncouth shape," must be interpreted. It foreshadows, out of that slimy concourse of sprawling amphibians and gaping lizards, the eventual emergence of man. Splayed, monstrous, and mud-smeared, it haunts the future. That it is the footprint of some wandering salamandrine beast of the coal swamps may be granted, but it is also a vertebrate. Its very body forecasts the times to come.

It would be erroneous, however, to conceive of salamanders as being the major preoccupation of our geological prophets. They scanned the anatomy of fishes, birds, and reptiles, seeking in their skeletons anticipations of the more perfect structure of man. If they found footprints of fossil bipeds it was a "sign" foretelling man. All things led in his direction. Prior to his entrance the stage was

merely under preparation. In this way the blow to the human ego had been softened. The past was only the prologue to the Great Play. Man was at the heart of things after all.

It was a strange half century, as one looks back upon it—that fifty years before the publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species.* It was dominated by a generation that saw the world as a complex symbolic system pointing in the direction of man, who was foreknown and prefigured from the beginning. Man, who comes last, is the end of this strange cycle. With him, in the eyes of many of these thinkers, the process ceases and no further changes in the world of life are to be expected. Since the transcendental "evolutionists" were man-centered, questions involving divergent evolution and adaptation did not come easily to their minds. Working with an immaterial and abstract Platonic concept, it was inevitable that they should seek to extend their doctrine across the wilds of space. Because the pattern was capable of modification, the possibility of the existence of small men, large men, or men of different colors upon other planets did not trouble them, but men they ought to be. There was little comprehension of the fact that man had acquired his particular bodily structure and upright posture through a peculiar set of evolutionary circumstances, not easily to be duplicated.

IV

THE theory of the plurality of worlds is a very ancient one; that is, the notion that the lights seen elsewhere in space may be bodies like that which we inhabit. After the rise of the Copernican astronomy and the growing realization that our earth is part of a planetary system revolving around a central sun, it was often contended by philosophers that the other stars seen in space must be similar suns with similar planetary satellites.

Quarrels arose between those who believed God's power infinitely and creatively extended among the stars, and those who regarded it as heresy and dangerous to Christian belief to imply that the infinite mind might be concerned with more than the beings of this planet. It was a struggle heightened by an enormous extension of man's vision into the worlds of the infinitely far and the infinitely small, the telescope and the microscope having momentarily stunned the human imagination. Some clung frantically to the little tight-fenced world of the Middle Ages, refusing to acknowledge what these instruments revealed. Others, with greater willingness to accept the new, tried, nevertheless, to equate what they saw with old beliefs and to elaborate an "astrotheology."

In the fifties of the last century there was a great outburst of interest in the possibility of life on other worlds. The recently discovered life history of our own planet and improvements in astronomical apparatus had all excited great interest on the part of a public wavering in its loyalty between old religious dogmas and the new revelations of science. Speculation, in many instances, was roaming far in advance of actual observation.

"The inhabitants of Jupiter," wrote William Whewell in 1854, "must . . . it would seem, be cartilaginous and glutinous masses. If life be there it does not seem in any way likely, that the living things can be anything higher in the scale of being, than such boneless, watery pulpy creatures. . . ."

This remark is not intended as merely innocent theorizing. In this work, the *Plurality of Worlds,* Whewell indicates his definite opposition to the idea that the other planets, or the more remote worlds in other galaxies, are inhabited. At best he is willing to grant the existence of a few gelatinous creatures such as he mentions in the above passage, but that man is to be found elsewhere, he denies. He argues that there are superior and inferior regions of space. Man, preceded by endless eons of lower creatures in time, is yet a superior being. He calls attention to the fact that "the intelligent part of creation is thrust into the compass of a few years, in the course of myriads of ages; why not then into the compass of a few miles, in the expanse of systems?" On this earth a "supernatural interposition" has introduced man; the planet is unique.

Whewell's essay generated a storm of discussion. His was not the popular side of the controversy. Sir David Brewster countered with a volume significantly titled *More Worlds Than One,* in which he bluntly asserts: "The function of one satellite must be the function of all the rest. The function of our Moon, to give light to the Earth, must be the function of the other twenty-two moons

of the system; and the function of the Earth, *to support inhabitants,* must be the function of all other planets." He dwells on the "grand combination" of *"infinity of life, with infinity of matter."*

Brewster, moreover, calls attention to the invisible domain revealed by the microscope and argues from this that God has all along been attentive to forms of life of which we had no knowledge. So intriguing became the relativity of size that one author even produced a work whose subtitle bore the query *Are Ultimate Atoms Inhabited Worlds?* Stories like Fitz-James O'Brien's "The Diamond Lens," or Ray Cummings' "The Girl in the Golden Atom," stem from such thought.

ANOTHER writer, William Williams, in *The Universe No Desert, the Earth No Monopoly,* strikes more directly at the heart of the argument. He invokes geological prophecy and extends it directly across space: "The archetypal idea of man, revealed in the lower vertebrated animals, proves God's foreknowledge of man's existence; and it equally applies to vertebrates on Jupiter or Neptune as to those on the Earth; and still farther, to the Universe, as these animals were within its precincts."

Williams was not the first nor the last man to utter these sentiments but he did so with a fierce singleness of purpose. The life plans were immanent, prophetic, and immaterial. They could thus be projected across space. Why, he argues with the same horror that the Reverend Mr. Kirby had exhibited toward the Age of Reptiles, should God "banish his own image to one diminutive enclosure and surround . . . the residue of His immense Person with unintelligent, half-formed, crude monsters?" If man is regarded as a good production here he must be found in endless duplication throughout the worlds. The pattern in the rocks of this earth is the pattern of the whole.

The shattering of this scheme of geological prophesy was the work of many men, but it was Charles Darwin who brought the event to pass, and who engineered what was to be one of the most dreadful blows that the human ego has ever sustained: the demonstration of man's physical relationship to the world of the lower animals. It is quite apparent, however, that there is an aspect of Darwin's discoveries which has never penetrated to the mind of the general public. It is the fact that once undirected variation and natural selection are introduced as the mechanisms controlling the development of plants and animals, the evolution of every world in space becomes a series of unique, historical events. The precise accidental duplication of a complex form of life is extremely unlikely to occur in even the same environment, let alone in the different background and atmosphere of a far-off world.

In the modern literature on space travel I have read about cabbage men and bird men; I have investigated the loves of the lizard men and the tree men, but in each case I have labored under no illusion. I have been reading about a man, *Homo sapiens,* that common earthling, clapped into an ill-fitting coat of feathers and retaining all his basic human attributes including an eye for the pretty girl who has just emerged from the space ship. His lechery and miscegenating proclivities have an oddly human ring, and if this is all we are going to find on other planets, I, for one, am going to be content to stay at home. There is quite enough of that sort of thing down here, without encouraging it throughout the starry systems.

V

THE truth is that man is a solitary and peculiar development. I do not mean this in any irreverent or contemptuous sense. I want merely to point out that when Charles Darwin and his colleagues established the community of descent of the living world, and observed the fact of divergent evolutionary adaptation, they destroyed forever the concept of geological prophecy. They did not eliminate the possibility of life on other worlds, but the biological principles which they established have totally removed the likelihood that our descendants, in the next few decades, will be entertaining little men from Mars. I would be much more willing to consider the possibility of sitting down to lunch with a purple polyp, but even that has unfortunate connotations with the life of this planet.

Geologic prophecy was based on two things: first a belief, as we have seen, in the man-centered nature of the universe, and second

the assumption that since the animals of the past had no physical connection with those of the present, some kind of abstract, immaterial plan in the mind of the Creator linked the forms of the past with those of the present day. The early nineteenth-century thinkers perceived a genuine relationship, but their attachment to the idea of special creation prevented them from recognizing that the relationship arose out of simple biological "descent with modification."

Man could not be proved preordained or predestined from the beginning simply because he showed certain affinities to Paleozoic vertebrates. Instead, he was merely one of many descendants of the early vertebrate line. A moose or a mongoose would have had equally good reason to contend that as a modern vertebrate he had been "prefigured from the beginning," and that the universe had been organized with him in mind.

The situation is something like that of walking through a hall of trick mirrors and being pulled out of shape. The mirror of time does that to all things living, and the distortions stay. Nevertheless, there is a pattern of sorts so that if you have come by the mirror that makes men, and somewhere behind you there is a mirror that makes black cats, you can still see the pattern. You and the cat are related; the shreds of the original shape are in your bones and the shreds of primordial thought patterns move in the eyes of both of you and are understood by both. But somewhere there must be an original pattern; somewhere cat and man and weasel must leap into a single shape. That shape lies inconceivably remote from us now, far back along the time stream. It is historical. In that sense, and in that sense only, the archetype did indeed exist.

Darwin saw clearly that the succession of life on this planet was not a formal pattern imposed from without, or moving exclusively in one direction. Whatever else life might be it was adjustable and not fixed. It worked its way through difficult environments. It modified and then, if necessary, it modified again, along roads which would never be retraced. Every creature alive is the product of a unique history. The statistical probability of its precise reduplication on another planet is so small as to be meaningless. Life, even cellular life, may exist out yonder in the dark. But high or low in nature, it will not wear the shape of man. That shape is the evolutionary product of a strange, long wandering through the attics of the forest roof, and so great are the chances of failure, that no pseudo-human thing is likely ever to come that way again.

THE picture of the little man of long ago rises before me as I write. As I have hinted, he was simply a foetal monster, long since scientifically diagnosed and dismissed. The small skull that lent the illusion of maturity to the mummified infant contained a brain which had failed to develop. The describers of two-foot men forget that a normal human brain cannot function with a capacity, at the very minimum, of less than about 900 cubic centimeters of capacity. A man with a hundred-cubic-centimeter brain will not be a builder of flying saucers; he will be less intelligent than an ape. In any case he does not exist.

In a universe whose size is beyond human imagining, where our world floats like a dust mote in the void of night, men have grown inconceivably lonely. We scan the time scale and the mechanisms of life itself for portents and signs of the invisible. As the only thinking mammals on the planet—perhaps the only thinking animals in the entire sidereal universe—the burden of consciousness has grown heavy upon us. We watch the stars but the signs are uncertain. We uncover the bones of the past and seek for our origins. There is a path there, but it appears to wander. The vagaries of the road may have a meaning however; it is thus we torture ourselves.

Lights come and go in the night sky. Men, troubled at last by the things they build, may toss in their sleep and dream bad dreams, or lie awake while the meteors whisper greenly overhead. But nowhere in all space or on a thousand worlds will there be men to share our loneliness. There may be wisdom; there may be power; somewhere across space great instruments, handled by strange, manipulative organs, may stare vainly at our floating cloud wrack, their owners yearning as we yearn. Nevertheless, in the nature of life and in the principles of evolution we have had our answer. Of men elsewhere, and beyond, there will be none forever.

HE WAS BURNED by

Stag Apr., 1953

By George X. Sand

"You are the only man in the world who has come within reaching distance of a flying saucer." That was the thought-provoking statement which Florida newspapers claim was made recently by a serious-faced military officer to Scoutmaster J. D. Desvergers of West Palm Beach. The high-ranking Washington official had hurried south to interview Desvergers, following the Scoutmaster's amazing experience in a dark woods nearby.

The incident took place on Tuesday, August 19, 1952. The still night lay upon the land much the same as any other typically peaceful Florida midsummer evening. A million jewel-like stars glittered from their settings in the great velvet showcase overhead. The customary light southeast trade wind whispered through the pines and cabbage palms, launching an occasional misty cloud ship across the gleaming night skies. There had been a few scattered seasonal showers during the day and some restless summer lightning had played across the heavens around 9 P.M. There was nothing about the peaceful night to indicate that history was about to be made.

Following a meeting with his boys, Scoutmaster Desvergers was driving three of them home. The time was approximately 10:30 P.M. The scene was a lonely spot along the Military Trail, about five miles west and a dozen miles south of West Palm Beach.

Suddenly, through the trees on his side of the road, the scoutmaster saw what appeared to be a bright glare, as though something were burning. The glow seemed to be about 300 yards off the

a FLYING SAUCER

highway, at a place where there were no houses.

"Looks like a plane has crashed," he told the boys, quickly stopping the car and turning it around for a better view of the glare. "You fellows stay here. If I'm not back in 10 minutes, go for help." With that he plunged into the dark pine woods.

Used to moving through the Florida woods, where thick palmettos and other growths are often encountered, the scoutmaster had remembered to bring a machete with him.

The going here was fairly easy, however, and Desvergers was mainly concerned with avoiding the low hanging branches that threatened his face and eyes. Hurrying through the dark woods, he was not acutely aware of the light up ahead. It was there; he was going in the right direction, and it became brighter as he approached the scene of the supposed crash. It was not until he had almost reached the site, however, that the (*Continued on page* 58)

The sheriff was about to leave when a bright object caught his eye. It was the scoutmaster's flashlight.

HE WAS BURNED BY A FLYING SAUCER

Continued from page 23

perspiring Scoutmaster realized something was amiss.

There were no cries of injured people; no crackling sounds from burning wood and metal; no flickering shadows cast by the leaping flames. Instead, the eerie, rosy glow that illuminated the pine woods was of a steady intensity. And it was coming from somewhere *above.*

The Scoutmaster looked up. *There, humming and spinning a few feet over his head, was a 30-foot-wide flying saucer!*

"I saw the saucer in every detail as it hissed and hovered horizontally about 10 feet from the ground," Desvergers says. "It was about three feet thick and rimmed with a phosphorous effect."

Startled, the scoutmaster ducked and swung instinctively at the strange machine with the machete he carried. No sooner had he done this, than a misty flare blossomed from the belly of the whirling saucer and came floating down straight at his face.

Too late, Desvergers threw up his hands to protect his eyes. The ball of fire struck him and he felt himself blacking out.

"It had a sickening, nauseating stench; worse than rotten eggs—more like burning flesh."

Meanwhile, back in the parked automobile, the three Scouts had gotten worried. The 10 minutes had already stretched into 18, with no sign of their leader. Furthermore, they'd each seen lights flare up on three different occasions —strange-looking lights, that glowed weirdly and caused the dark trees to stand out in stark silhouette each time before they died away again.

The boys, David Rowan, Bobby Ruffing and Charles Stevens, got out of the car and ran northward along the highway until they came to the home of J. D. Brynteson. Here, breathless and scared, they blurted out their story.

BRYNTESON telephoned Deputy Sheriff Mott N. Partin, whose home is at

Jerkily, the scoutmaster blurted out the details of his strange experience. "When the thing finally knocked me down, I tried to scream and run at the same time," he concluded. "But I couldn't do either."

"Did it burn you?"

"Look." He held up his hands for the officer's inspection. The hair was singed from both forearms, as would be the case had he held them protectingly before his face.

"What happened then?"

"I don't know. The next thing I knew the lights from your car were shining in my eyes. I don't even remember walking out here."

The scoutmaster had been in the dark woods one and a half hours.

AFTER they had rounded up the three boys and he'd listened to their confirming accounts concerning the strange, "Roman-candle-like" lights, Sheriff Partin found himself staring thoughtfully at the black woods from which the scoutmaster had staggered. There was only one thing to do. Probing his light beam before him, the officer went in to investigate.

The woods were quiet—hushed and waiting for him, it almost seemed. Desvergers' route was easy to follow, and at every step the sheriff's ears strained for some foreign, warning sound. His sharp glance followed expectantly each new jabbing finger of light from the torch in his hand. There was nothing. Only silence.

When he reached the small clearing where the scoutmaster said he'd encountered the hissing saucer, the sheriff studied the ground. "The grass seemed to be scorched or blistered," he admitted later.

He was about to turn away when a tiny, bright object against the earth caught his glance. At first he thought it must be the reflection of his flash beam from a shiny stone. It turned out to be the scoutmaster's flashlight. It had been imbedded into the earth so that only a small portion of the top was visible.

The hissing saucer had contained *beings,* he told them grimly, "who were as afraid of me as I was of them. That's why they projected the ball of fire at my head."

Next morning, Deputy Sheriff Partin returned to the site with three Air Force officers from nearby Morrison Field. In the clearing they found a spot where a body had definitely lain in the grass.

The newspapers, meanwhile, were in a quandry about how to handle this seemingly fantastic story. They made a careful check of the scoutmaster's background. A Marine and naval intelligence veteran of World War II, the 30-year-old hardware clerk had a clean record. He was happily married, the father of three small children.

No sooner had the story hit the news wires when telegrams, phone calls and letters began to descend upon the area from all parts of the nation. People who ordinarily might have paid no attention to the hapless scoutmaster now clamored at his door night and day. The public seemed to *want* to believe that the strange ship had come from another world. And there was no evidence to prove that it had not.

The Air Technical Intelligence Center at Dayton, Ohio, quickly flew an officer to the scene. This center has the responsibility of analyzing reports of unusual aerial objects. Officials from Washington, too, conducted inquiries and combed the wooded area with a Geiger counter.

"We cannot tell yet just what it was there," an Air Force spokesman said. "We are going to continue to check and get all the facts together, however."

Whatever those "facts" may have been, they were obviously not being made known. Instead, it was reported that the Government investigators had spoken to Desvergers "like a Dutch uncle."

Desvergers, meanwhile, sleepless and harried after several consecutive days of contact with a curious and wearying public, decided to disappear for awhile. The parents of the three Boy Scouts, who had been along that fateful night, also had grown irritable with those who seemed prone to misquote and ridicule their youngsters. Grimly, they shut the door against further interviews.

Deputy Sheriff Partin, unfortunately, could not escape so easily. He continued to receive long distance calls, letters from as far away as Australia. One determined voice on the phone insisted that the harassed sheriff make a statement for the British news services.

Ten days passed. Public interest gradually waned. Then, at 7:30 on the evening of August 29th, *another* saucer was sighted.

(*Continued from page* 58)

get closer. Soon we could see where the bushes were all lit up. There are no houses around there, so it was evident that's where it had landed."

The landing spot couldn't be reached by car and the family did not investigate afoot because of the Wells' small children who were in the car.

By September 14th, still another eerie night visit had taken place, this time at Belle Glade itself. Floyd Brown, a dependable employee of the Everglades Experiment Station, was enroute to the station's milking barn before daylight, when he heard a high-pitched whistling sound and was startled to observe a large, red light hovering about 100 feet above the barn.

As Brown stared unbelievingly at the strange contraption, it settled to within approximately 40 feet of the ground—as though to get a better look. Frightened by the screaming whistle it gave off, 13 of the cows bolted.

The saucer thereupon shot past and away. It was circular, about 35 feet in diameter, with alternate amber and red lights in a row along the outside rim and on its underside. The glow from it was bright enough to light up the ground as it passed the Experiment Station employee, and an acrid, ammonia-like odor caused his eyes and nostrils to smart and burn.

No sooner had Brown rounded up the cattle than the thing whistled in from a new direction, causing the cows to bolt all over again. This time the strange airship kept on going.

Two weeks later, on September 28th, DeWitt Upthegrove and three adult members of his family spotted yet another of the strange sky craft. Upthegrove, a quiet-mannered frog hunter, lives at the edge of the great Everglades swamp, 20 miles north of the spot where the scoutmaster encountered the original saucer. Like Brown of the Experiment Station, Upthegrove is regarded as a stable citizen, not the type to tell imaginative tales. He'd been sitting on his darkened porch after dinner when the thing appeared.

The sharp-eyed outdoorsman and his son-in-law, both experienced at piloting their airboats through the great swamp during the night-long hours when froggers stalk their quarry, and hence well acquainted with falling stars and similar unusual lights in the sky, tried to reach the saucer as soon as they saw it descend to earth a quarter-mile away. It must have been resting against the earth, for they could see the tops of the low mangrove trees clearly silhouetted by the strange, rosy light it gave off. Yet, before they could cover the intervening distance, it had zipped upward and disappeared.

What were these phenomena? Floridians, just as residents of other states to the north had already been doing for months, began to ask themselves uneasy questions. The frequency and similarity of the saucer appearances ruled out such theories as falling meteors, "fire balls" (usually present only during electrical storms), or even simple hallucinations.

Desvergers, following his final interview with the "high brass," had clammed up. He admitted that the Government had no legal hold on him, yet he indicated that a "gentleman's agreement" obligated him to hold back part of the story.

"It's not foolish to say that it will determine the future of all of us some day," was the scoutmaster's final statement. "I know what it is and it's of vital importance. But it is better for me not to go any farther because it may cause another Orson Welles panic." ◆◆◆

A PULI IS A COP

Continued from page 27

duck retriever unless you expect to have him gun and cook 'em for you too.

In addition to all these qualities, the Puli is an attractive and flashy-looking breed. His coat is black, a pale or silver gray or white. The hair is fine. If left ungroomed it gives him a corded appearance. This thick coat keeps out heat as well as cold and he's at home in any climate.

The Hungarians have a lot of old traditions and some cute sayings about their Pulik. One of their most ancient jokes concerns a recipe for preparing a Sunday chicken dinner. You start by stealing a chicken unless the owner happens to have a Puli in which case it is wiser to go without the dinner.

In ancient Hungary a Puli was never sold to a stranger but given to a friend as a highly cherished gift. What was sold, ing Russia. The Russians, in turn, according to the most accepted theory, are believed to have acquired them in Tibet. The head of the modern Puli is in many ways similar to the little Lhasa Apso, a species which is native to Tibet.

The adult Puli is of medium size or about 18 inches in height. The maximum weight of a male is 40 pounds, females a bit less. His hair may be straight, wavy or curly. Extremely active, he looks alert and intelligent, and his courage is unquestioned. He is clean and easily housetrained. He eats in moderation and knows when to stop. And, among other qualities, when kept in the city he is also hardy and resistant to disease.

It wasn't many years ago that the Puli, for centuries almost unknown beyond the borders of Hungary and Germany was discovered as a pet in this country. For bane of most outdoor pooches' lives, the porcupine.

"During the early spring of 1949," she says, "three of our adult Pulik, Juli II leading as usual, brought home a huge mangled porcupine with, of course, millions of quills in themselves.

"A quick drive of 15 miles to see our veterinarian and friend, Dr. E. M. Powers in Bradford, Vt., resulted in their having to be put to sleep while the quills were extracted. For 24 hours afterwards they were the most crestfallen dogs I have ever seen—thoroughly ashamed of themselves.

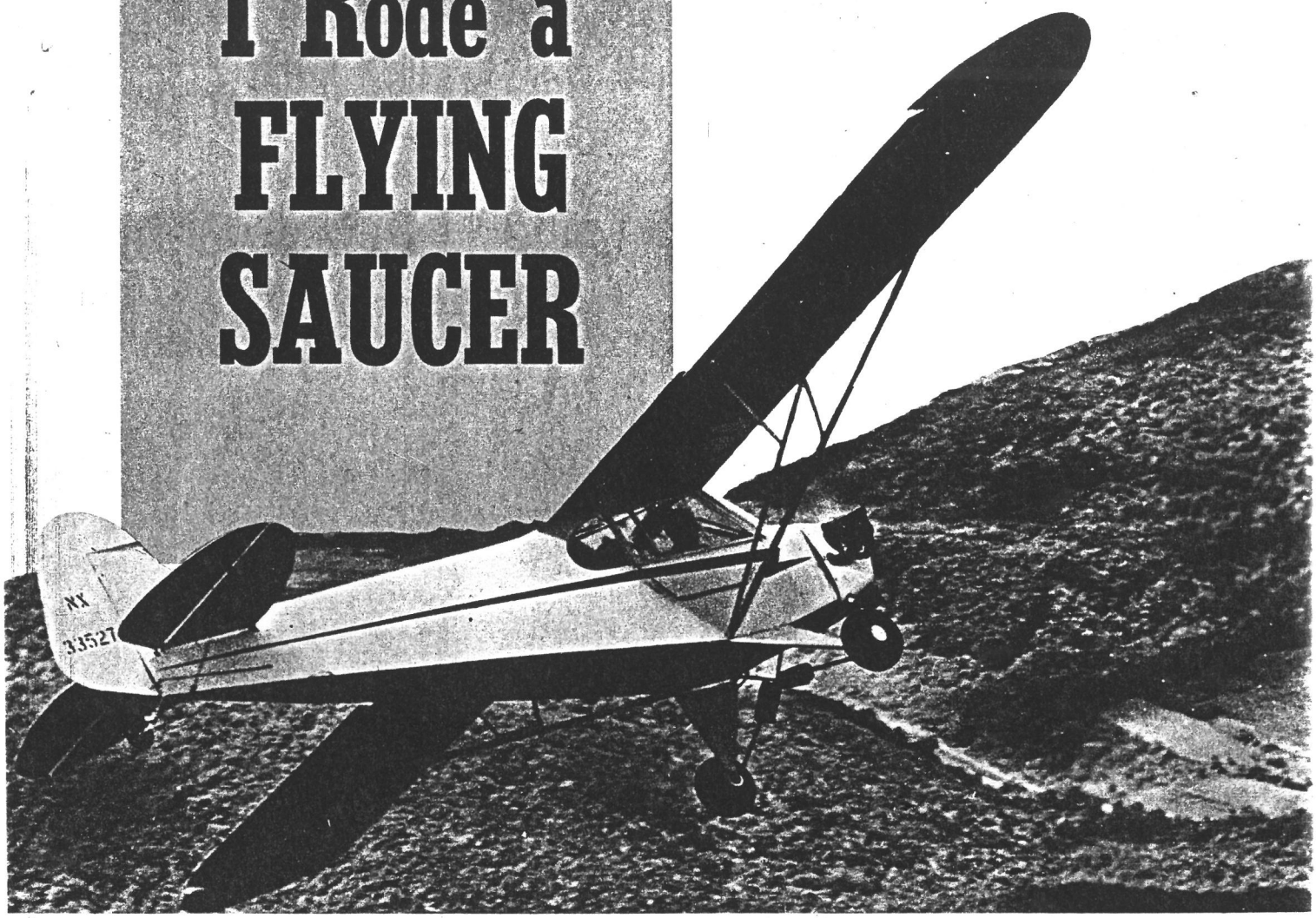
"But since then, there have been no encounters and for the past three years, for some strange reason, all porcupines have given this 165-acre farm of ours a wide berth."

Just why this porcupineless situation

ACTION MAGAZINE
MAY 1953

OK RH

I Rode a FLYING SAUCER



Fred took off in his Piper Cub and climbed gradually into the sky above. Then suddenly he saw what looked like a shining lozenge.

By FRED REAGAN

PLEASE! Listen to me! I have a story . . . it's an incredible one, sure . . . but it's true . . . every word. I swear it!

I'm Fred Reagan. Remember the headline in the newspapers last July about the guy who was found in a farmer's field beside the wreckage of a small airplane? That was me.

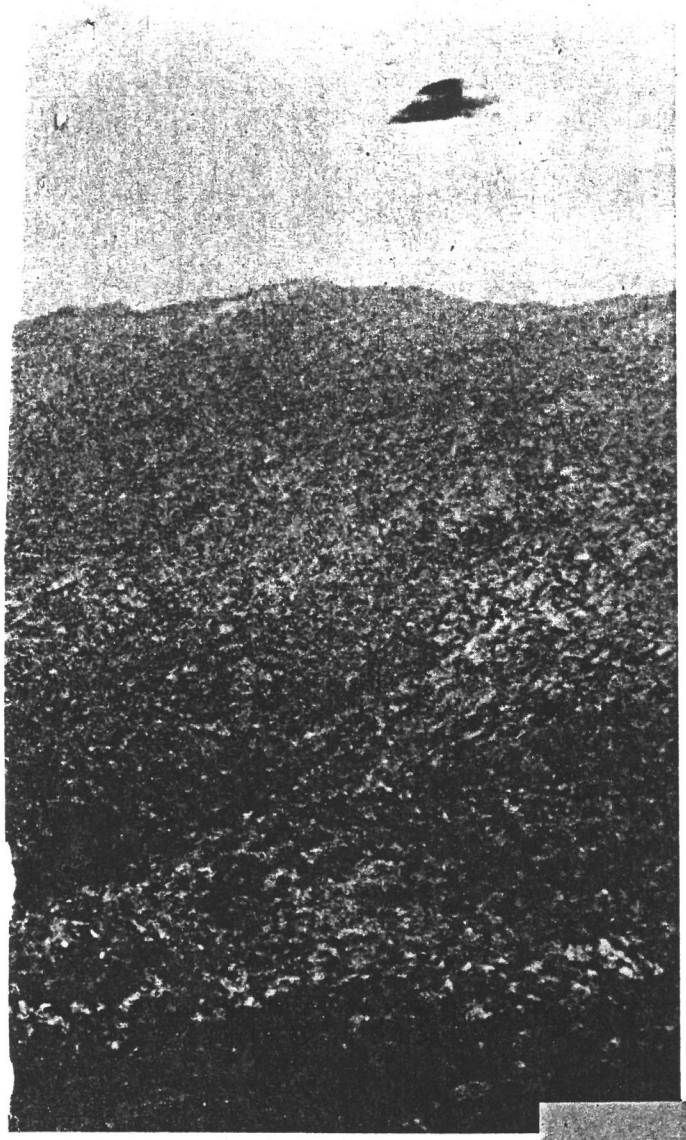
No one could understand how I had escaped unhurt . . . not even bruised . . . while my plane had been completely demolished. I told them how it happened, and they wouldn't listen.

The CAA inspectors said the plane must have dropped from several thousand feet. I *know* it did. The motor buried itself six feet in the ground. And I didn't get a scratch. I told them the straight story . . . every detail . . . and they looked at me as though I were crazy. They wouldn't believe me. You *must* believe me!

IT WAS a hot day . . . awful hot. Those clouds looked so cool . . . inviting. I took off in my Piper Cub and soon I was climbing. I passed the lower clouds and climbed up and up until my little plane wouldn't go any higher. I leveled off in the cool, clean air and glanced at my altimeter. Almost eight thousand feet. I felt good.

Suddenly I saw it. It looked like a bright, dazzling lozenge in the distance. Slowly it grew larger. Then I realized what it was . . . had to be . . . a flying saucer! I knew because I'd read descriptions in magazines and papers.

I watched it grow . . . tried to judge its size and distance but couldn't. It was too brilliant and had no definite shape. It looked like . . . well . . . like a glowing lozenge, that's all. I banked my plane and headed for it. Why? I don't know exactly. I think I had a funny idea I could chase it . . . capture it . . . solve the mystery once and for all.



The flying saucer, coming full tilt, could not avoid a crash with Reagan.

Too late I saw it was *coming right at me!*

Frantically I threw my plane into a tight, diving turn but it hit me anyway. *It hit me,* I tell you! I heard the ripping and felt the shock as it tore away the tail . . . and then I was falling. Somehow I was thrown clear. I could see the plane with its motor still running, diving with me. The tip of the wing slanted by as it fell. The ground rushed to meet me . . . the wind hit me in the face, choking . . . blinding. And me with no parachute! I knew this was it . . . the end.

Then the wind stopped! My panic kept me from realizing what had happened, but suddenly I knew . . . I had stopped falling. The checkerboard of farms and fields remained motionless below. Far below I could see the wreckage of the plane dropping away. But I floated there . . . like a human cloud, thousands of feet in the air.

HOW long I couldn't tell. Time had stopped for everything, for the earth, the sky . . . for everything but me. I was afraid to move lest I disturb the mysterious balance which held me there. Then I tried to turn to look upward. I couldn't . . . I moved my muscles but my body didn't . . . couldn't . . . respond.

Then I felt it, a sticky, clinging force which penetrated my clothing, my flesh, pushed through to my brain . . . and grasped me like a huge, invisible suction cup. As my mind groped for some rational explanation, the force grew stronger and more compelling, and I felt myself rising, sucked upward by that inexplicable something.

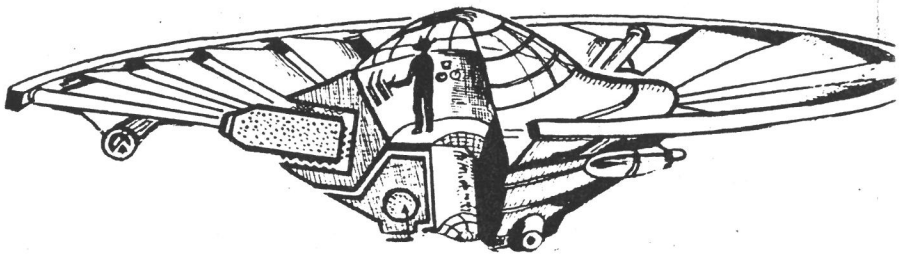
I was being pulled upward faster and faster. For one hysterical moment I felt that life had turned backward, that a whimsical fate had turned my film of life in reverse, that soon the reel would stop and run forward once more to continue my plunge toward destruction.

I felt, before I saw, the monstrous, brilliant object above. It loomed, bulged around me, swallowed me. And I realized the truth. I was where no human being had ever been before.

I was inside a flying saucer!

The rest was a nightmare. The room . . . if one could call it that . . . was completely dark. The thing which grasped me held me suspended over the round opening through which I had been lifted. Outside, and many thousands of feet below, I could see the countryside. It looked friendly but far away.

(*Continued on page* 50)



Fred Regan's description of the saucer he claims to have been in is very similar to a design by Schriever.

FLYING SAUCER

(Continued from page 15)

My eyes were becoming adjusted to the darkness and I looked around in the dim light which entered through the hatch. I began to make out objects, grotesque shapes which weren't familiar . . . which I couldn't recognize. Then I noticed three which were distinct from the others. They were next to the hatch below me and glistened weirdly in the light. They seemed about three feet high. I remember telling myself, almost hysterically, that they looked like huge stalks of metallic asparagus.

Then one of the stalks moved!

I screamed and must have fainted because the next thing I knew I was awakened by a smell, stimulating but pleasant. It seemed to be a mixture of a whole florist shop and the funny odor the air has after a violent electric storm . . . ozone, I think it's called. It was both stimulating and soothing. It cleared my head and at the same time dissolved my fear. Finally I dared to open my eyes. The room was dark except for a pinpoint of blue light some distance away. I couldn't tell how far.

Then I realized I was lying on my back on something infinitely soft. I moved my hand, felt it, then quickly pulled my hand away. It was as cold as metal but resisted the pressure of my fingers as though it were alive.

STUNNED, I lay there . . . maybe a minute or an hour . . . waiting, listening to that distant pulsating hum. There was a click like a switch being turned on.

"How do you do, man."

At the sudden voice I nearly screamed again. It spoke perfect English but was hollow and muffled as though it came through a loudspeaker. It continued in an expressionless monotone.

"Do not reply. Only I shall speak. We from outside your planet regret extremely the unavoidable circumstance which caused our vehicle to collide with yours. We are here only to observe your primitive . . ." The voice hesitated, began again, ". . . your civilization."

The last word was spoken slowly, each syllable pronounced separately and deliberately.

"We do not wish our activities to interfere with man-living in any manner. We cannot replace your vehicle, but we have examined your body and assured ourselves of its undamaged condition. We have also corrected an abnormality in your body which we have found is most common in your species. It is called . . ." Again there was a hesitation as though the speaker were groping for the word. Then it came, ". . . cancer."

I was aghast. Cancer! Did I have cancer? And these . . . things . . . from outside our earth . . . they knew the cure for cancer?

The voice continued:

"We offer this as slight reparation for the loss we have caused you.

"We shall return you to the surface of your planet. We caution you, for your own peace, not to reveal your experience with us. You will not be believed." A pause. Then, "Think of us in kindness."

The switch clicked and there was only the hum once more.

I lay there, soaked in sweat. A dream? It must have been a dream. The humming grew louder, more shrill. A blue light came close, danced before my eyes, then was gone. The humming stopped. There remained only silence and darkness.

I OPENED my eyes to bright daylight shining through the windows of my room. It was a real room with curtains, white walls, a bed with cool, white sheets. I saw a doctor, a nurse and several men looking down at me.

They told me how they had picked me up near my plane, uninjured. They discussed my miraculous escape . . . and then asked me what had happened.

I told them . . . and they wouldn't believe me, just as the droning, loudspeaker, saucer-voice had warned me . . . they wouldn't believe me.

I've tried to forget my adventure, but I can't. I've relived it over and over again, asleep and awake. I know every detail by heart.

First I was proud of it. I had been the first visitor aboard a flying saucer. Now I'm ashamed of it. People point at me . . . laugh at me.

Here's the whole story . . . in writing. And some day, you and everyone else will believe me. You'll have to because . . . it really happened.

Editor's Note: The following newspaper clipping recently came to our attention:

SAUCER PASSENGER DIES

Atlanta—May 16. Fred Reagan, who made headlines last year when he claimed he had been a visitor aboard a flying saucer, died today in the State Asylum for the Insane. Cause of death was determined to be degeneration of brain tissue due to extreme atomic radiation. Authorities are unable to offer an explanation.

THE END